

MONACO'S PRINCE GOES BACK HOME, CLOSELY GUARDED

Boss of Monte Carlo Likes America So Well He Will Visit Us Again.

LOT OF BAGGAGE.

Came After Big Game, But Got It in Field, Not on Gaming Table.

La Prince de Monaco is returning to Monaco and Monte Carlo.

As the summer La France slipped out into the fairway from the foot of West Fifteenth street today, a small, well-dressed gentleman, dressed in a dark suit, with hat and stick to match, stood on the main deck waving adieu to friends on the dock.

There was a thoughtful look on his face, and after one wave of the hand he walked slowly to the stern of the ship and gazed retrospectively upon the city he was leaving behind him.

It was the Prince de Monaco. And it was with a feeling of regret that he was taking farewell of New York, for he had admitted earlier that, even though he did come from Monte Carlo, his trip to America had been no gamble and that he had been the winner all the way down the line and had gathered in all the pleasures, comfort and real happiness that, unconsciously, he had played for upon his arrival. And he had inhaled most of the fresh air of the far Western country, and was going back a much wealthier man, physically.

PRINCE REALLY DOESN'T WANT TO GO HOME.

He came here about four months ago to play for all the best that was to be found here and he made a clean sweep of everything. And forty-five pieces of all the best of the game of cards and his long return of servants testified that he had won some state.

And now he is returning to Monaco and Monte Carlo.

He doesn't want to go, either, for he says he'd "un grande time" since the day he left the palace, the palatial yacht, and that business alone compels him to return.

Most of his time has been spent in endeavoring to bring to earth some of the bear, elk and rare birds which inhabit certain sections of A. A. Anderson's ranch in Wyoming. And while he is an excellent shot, he lacks the persuasive power which can make a bear leave his berth when he doesn't feel like it. Only one elk he felt like to kill. The Prince de Monaco was in the vicinity of Cody, Wyoming, with the result that His Highness is taking back but one bear skin. The elk were more considerate, however, and the birds even more generous.

When the bodyguard, which is continually in attendance upon the Prince, had stepped long enough to permit a reporter to approach, His Highness gave out a parting statement to America, which he thinks is almost as large as Monaco and nearly as wicked as Monte Carlo.

LIKES US SO MUCH HE WILL COME BACK.

"I have had a grand time, and I regret that I have to leave your dear country," he said, as he toyed with his Monaco stick. "I think it is beautiful, a wonderful country, and I have spent some of the happiest days of my life here."

"I like it so much that I shall arrange to return to your country for a year, for I like you Americans and I like the way you live; the things you do and the wonderful scenery, natural scenery, which surrounds one on all sides. So you see I am leaving with many happy memories. And I will come back."

With the Prince is Edmond Deschamps, the artist, who has painted some very remarkable pictures of Western scenes; Capt. H. Bourree, who is aide-de-camp to the Prince; a secretary, valet and a number of servants, all of whom occupy the luxurious royal suite on the main deck of La France.

The Prince is a very great pedestrian and usually walks from twenty to thirty miles a day. And on every inch of this mileage he is accompanied by a private detective who never leaves him. For the Prince is a very rich man, and being thus afflicted, his life has been threatened on more than one occasion by fanatics.

He is very regular in his habits, and declares that he hasn't mingled with the spirits or inhaled the weed for the last twenty years, and that smoking is, responsible for a great deal of the sin in the world today.

BUT THE PRINCE IS SILENT ON THE QUESTION OF GAMBLING.

But what he thinks of gambling could not be ascertained, for he remained reticent on this subject, except to admit that America was the one best bet for the rest of the world.

And he's coming back.

Last evening he was the guest of a dinner given in his honor by the Half Moon Club; on Monday evening he was dined by the officials of the Museum of Natural History, and on Sunday evening he was the guest of a private dinner at the home of A. A. Anderson, on whose ranch he had been shooting and who had been his close friend for a number of years.

A PLEASANT LANDING.

"It's rather lonely," said Nook as he stepped on the gangplank to leave the ark.

"Yes," replied his wife. "But think of what a relief it is to be bothered by any outside matters."

Man of the Future "Like the Male Bee, A Stingless Drudge, Reduced to Servility"

BIOLOGICAL OUTCOME OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT, ACCORDING TO MRS. ALFRED WAGSTAFF JR.



"Hundreds of Years from Now Man as He Is Known To-Day Will Almost Cease to Exist," Says Society Poetess of Passion.

"Liberated from Her Fetters, Woman Will Pre-empt the Future of Humanity," Asserts Mrs. Blanche S. Wagstaff.

Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Man must be eliminated!

If he prefers his sentence expressed in direct and forceful Broadway metaphor—man must be canned! He has cluttered up the universe long enough, and he is much more trouble than he is worth. In civics, in art, in mechanics, even in biology, man is an unnecessary evil, to be first conquered, then destroyed, by Evolved Woman. A titanic Minerva will cleanse the Augean stables of the world, and she will sweep man into the scrap heap along with the rest of the dirt which he has made.

In a few centuries there won't be any more men! I do not vouch for this consummation, but Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff does. Mrs. Wagstaff is the beautiful young wife of Alfred Wagstaff Jr., and in more than one volume of fervent lyrics she has won her title of "Society's Poet of Passion." She is still a long way from the years that bring the philosopher's mind. Yet it is the end of all romance which she calmly forecasts throughout "The Elimination of the Male," an article about to appear in the International. For where is romance without men—grimly realistic as the latter sometimes contrive to be?

A feminist paradise on earth, minus every male sinner, appeals to me personally as a rather boromean institution. According to the biologists, woman was the original sex, and she invented man. But what did she do for if she was perfectly happy and comfortable all by herself? Answer—she wasn't. She wanted a man in the house. So do her granddaughters. The difference is that she frankly admitted it, and some of them won't.

EXCUSE FOR THE MORTAL HOSTILITY.

But Mrs. Wagstaff brilliantly supports her theory, even if, as I suspect, it is more moral than conviction. By instancing certain obvious wrongs which women have suffered at the hands of the opposite sex, she provides a cause for the mortal hostility from which, she asserts, men of the future will suffer.

"Since the belief in the myth that Pandora brought the first evil from heaven to earth, woman has been the victim of man's contempt and derision," she writes. "This persecution has held her in abject servility for over 5,000 years. In the eyes of the law she occupies a position on a level with the infant and the imbecile. Many countries deny her property rights. Male writers have for centuries delighted in depicting her falsity, weakness and depravity."

"In Australia the dog has greater importance than the woman, though both are beaten regularly. The Hot-tent women are abandoned to wild beasts. The Kafirs offer their wives to warring foes; and oaths have greater value. Many Eastern peoples deny woman a soul, yet they believe certain criminals are endowed with immortality. Esquimaux rent and execute wives. The Japanese divorce deprives women of fortune and offspring. In all Oriental countries she is merely a domestic chattel to be bought and sold at the caprice of her owner. The Russian bridegroom carries a whip in his boot as a symbol of his authority over his wife."

"The modern husband of all countries wields the covert psychological whip. The Christian wedding ceremony insists upon the wife's oath of obedience at the altar. Marriage is a relic of woman's slavery. Her marriage market-price varies from six sewing needles in Uganda to an American dot of millions."

At least she comes higher in America! But, seriously, who is the dominating figure in the marriage of to-day? Is it not the wife, first, last and always the wife? Even when she takes the oath of obedience, doesn't she—and he knows that it's the dearest of dead letters? If a composite dictionary record could be taken of the home conversation of the American husband, it would contain just two words—"Yes, dear!"

Yet Mrs. Wagstaff tells us that "feminism is a rebellion against the ruthless



HANS SCHMIDT'S FRIEND GETS SEVEN-YEAR TERM

"Dr." Muret Pleads in Vain to Be Allowed to Go to Germany.

"Dr." Ernest A. Muret, convicted yesterday before Judge Hunt in the United States District Court of counterfeiting, was today sentenced to serve a term of seven years and six months in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta.

Muret was the companion of Hans Schmidt, assistant rector of St. Joseph's Church and confessed slayer of Anna August. His request to be allowed to return to Germany, where, he said, he would remain, was denied by Judge Hunt. A certificate given to Judge Hunt by a Tomba Prison physician stated that Muret's lungs are affected, but that he has not a defined case of tuberculosis.

Muret was turned over to Marshal Henkel, who said he would take his charge to Atlanta as soon as Muret has attended to certain matters of a personal nature.

ELKS TO HONOR DINNEAN.

Funeral Services Over His Body in Their Big Club To-Night.

The body of Judge Thomas Dinnean, who died at his residence on Emmons avenue, Sheepshead Bay, on Monday night, will be taken to the Elks' Club, No. 28 West Forty-third street, Manhattan, to-night, where funeral services will be held. The public is invited.

To-morrow a requiem high mass will be offered in St. Ann's Church, on Twelfth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, at 10 A. M., after which the funeral will proceed to Calvary Cemetery.

St. Ann's thus becomes the scene of three great funerals of notabilities of the east side in a short period—"Little Tim" Sullivan, "Big Tim" and "Little Judge" Dinnean. All three lived in St. Ann's parish.

MAIL CHAUFFEUR ARRESTED.

Charged With Jeopardizing Lives by Reckless Driving in Third Ave.

Charles Laux, nineteen years old, a chauffeur, driving one of the mail trucks operated by the Postal Transfer Company, in carrying the mail, was arrested last night by Motorcycle Police-man Silberbauer for reckless driving along Third avenue, between One Hundred and Sixty-fifth and One Hundred and Forty-ninth streets. Silberbauer, in the Morrisania Police Court this morning, charged Laux with "operating his mail auto in a reckless manner, having no regard for the lives of persons crossing the streets."

Silberbauer said he followed the truck and that Laux's manner of driving was particularly a menace to the lives of the theatre crowds in Third avenue.

Laux asked for an adjournment in order that he might consult a lawyer, and was paroled until Nov. 6. Laux is the first chauffeur of a mail truck to be arrested for reckless driving.

HAPPY STAGE MARRIAGE IS NOT HAPPY AT ALL; WIFE WANTS A DIVORCE

Florence Holbrook Swears Cecil Lean Was Faithless—Broadway Beauties Testify.

Florence Holbrook simply insists on breaking up one of the stage's few happy marriages, says her husband. "Not so," says she, "my husband is the one who insisted. Neither has he yet succeeded, but it looks as if Miss Holbrook is about to have her divorce."

For the third time Miss Holbrook's divorce case came up today before Judge Gieseler in the Supreme Court, and the once super-divorced wife told the court why she wished to be freed of Cecil Lean, the stage husband paragon of seasons bygone.

It used to be that one always saw in the electric sign district the names together—"Cecil Lean and Florence Holbrook." Then everybody always added "the most devoted couple on the stage," and all sentimentalists went to see that strange anomaly—a happy stage couple.

When the case came up today for the third time, after a divorce had twice been denied, sensational testimony was given on behalf of the wife. Also stage beauties occupied the witness stand.

Miss Holbrook testified that she married Lean in 1902 and had always been a nice, sweet little wife. But, she added, her once devoted Cecil was faithless.

Miss Edna McCabe, another Broadway feature, and a statuesque brunette, said she lived with Miss Holbrook at No. 450 West One Hundred and Forty-seventh street and was, in fact, the fair complainant's cousin. She had very little else to tell.

But George Kinsley, a private detective, told of trailing Lean to One Hundred and Tenth street one night, seeing him meet a young woman, go into a grocery with her and buy supplies, and accompany her to a building at No. 16 West One Hundred and Eighth street. He couldn't get in then, but some time later, accompanied by Miss Holbrook and Miss Cecil Reynard, another Broadway favorite, the detective gained admittance to the apartment.

Mr. Lean, Kinsley testified, was in his pajamas and very much embarrassed. His feminine companion was in a night robe.

Justice Gieseler delayed decision.

ADVERTISING COMPANY FAILS.

Liabilities Estimated at \$100,000; Assets Outstanding Accounts.

The C. J. Sullivan Advertising Company, a New York corporation, with office at No. 13 West Sixty-fifth street, today made an assignment for the benefit of creditors to Emanuel Bloom, assistant sheriff's counsel. A meeting of creditors will be called in a few days at the office of Emanuel Bloom, No. 27 Cedar street. The liabilities are estimated at about \$100,000. The assets of Timothy Sullivan is said to be a creditor to the extent of \$125,000.

The company was incorporated in 1908 with a capital stock of \$20,000. The officers are Frank Q. Smith, President, and Lawrence J. Mulligan, Secretary and Treasurer. The assets consist of outstanding accounts and valuable contracts.

NOV. 10 IS "LAUGH DAY."

Do you want to laugh? Then remember that Monday, Nov. 10, is Laugh Day. On that day many thousands of people are going to begin to laugh. And they will laugh daily for some time thereafter.

Why? Because on Monday, Nov. 10, the first instalment of "WHERE THERE'S A WILL" is to appear in The Evening World.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL" is by Mary Roberts Rinehart, America's greatest humorist.

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL" is even funnier than "Seven Days." In fact, it is the funniest story of the decade. Don't miss it.

And for your own sake, don't forget that the first instalment of "WHERE THERE'S A WILL" is to appear in Monday's Evening World, Nov. 10.

HURLED FROM AUTO WOMAN'S ROBBED OF CASH AND GEMS

Thief Slips Among Sympathizers About Mrs. Copeland and Gets Big Loot.

TAXI CRASH TOGETHER.

Victim Suffers Contusions and Scalp Wound—Not Seriously Hurt.

A thief in the crowd composed mostly of fashionably dressed men and women who surged about Mrs. F. L. D. Copeland of No. 16 East Forty-third street after she was hurt in a taxi cab collision early today stole a black handbag containing a certified check, jewels and money.

The accident occurred at Forty-third street and Sixth avenue, and among those who pressed about the scene after Mrs. Copeland was hurled to the street were late diners at restaurants in the vicinity, chauffeurs of automobiles standing at the curb within sight of the accident and a few pedestrians. The crowd was so excited the reserves had to be called from the West Forty-seventh street station to clear the street.

Mrs. Copeland lives with her daughter at the Forty-third street address. She is an importer of women's lingerie at No. 234 Fifth avenue, and returned this morning from Baltimore, reaching the Pennsylvania station about 1 o'clock, where she took a taxicab in charge of Frank Killehn, instructing him to convey her to her home.

COLLISION OF AUTOS HEARD SEVERAL BLOCKS.

Killehn sped his machine up Seventh avenue to Forty-third street and turned east. He neither saw nor heard any other vehicles and thought the way was clear for him to cross Sixth avenue, but as he dashed across that thoroughfare another taxicab, driven by Joseph O'Brien, bore down on him and the two machines came together with a crash heard for several blocks.

Both chauffeurs were thrown from their seats and landed on the pavement, but neither was hurt. They struck on post at the corner.

The machine in which Mrs. Copeland was riding was whirled about in the collision. The door was thrown open and the woman, who was fashionably dressed and wore considerable jewelry, was precipitated through the open door, falling several feet away directly in front of Policeman M. Hall of the East Fifty-first street station, who was on post at the corner.

Policeman Howley, whose post is in the neighborhood, sent in an ambulance call to Flower Hospital and Dr. Quaglia responded and took Mrs. Copeland to that institution.

She was unconscious when placed in the ambulance, but was able to speak a few minutes before. She said to Howley, "Where is my black handbag?" The policeman searched in and about the wrecked taxicab and on the floor of the one in which Mrs. Copeland had been riding he found a small black leather purse, such as women carry inside handbags as receptacles for small coins.

"No," said Mrs. Copeland, when about the purse, "I want the bag back in which I carried that purse. There was a certified check and jewelry in it."

Not long after her arrival at the hospital, Mrs. Copeland regained consciousness. Her injuries, it was said, were nothing more serious than contusions, the most painful of which was on the scalp. She would be able to go to her home some time during the day, the doctors said.

RELATIVES FIGHT WILL.

Demand Share of Thomas Rosenkrantz's Estate of \$200,000.

Eleanor Rosenkrantz, on behalf of herself, her mother, Elizabeth, her brother, John, and her nephew, William, has started suit before Justice Blackmar in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, to compel the partition among them of the estate of her brother, Thomas Rosenkrantz, who died recently and left an estate amounting to about \$200,000.

The suit is directed against to widow and an adopted daughter known as Dora Marie Rosenkrantz, twelve years old. The child was adopted as a baby in Ulster County. The kin of the dead man contend that the adoption is irregular and that Mr. Rosenkrantz (the spell is his name differently gave his wife mortgages in his lifetime which should be set aside as without consideration. Justice Blackmar remarked on such a statement of counsel that the love and devotion of a wife were always considerations.

FOUR MEN SEIZE GIRLS.

Must Serve 300 Days for Attack on Patterson Streets.

PATERSON, N. J., Oct. 25.—Saidie Bailey and Lena Schwegel of Hamilton avenue were arrested in their homes shortly after midnight last night when James Barkow, Harry Vanderwort, Thomas Barkow and Joseph Dalton stopped them on Ellison street and dragged them behind a train of box cars standing on a siding. The screams of the girls attracted the attention of Patrolman Luddy, who arrested the young men.

At the arraignment to-day Judge Carroll said: "A fine state of affairs exists in this city when brutish like beasts in the jungle. I find you all guilty and impose a fine of \$125."

They must go to jail for 90 days, not being able to pay their fines.

KEEPS "PURITY PACT" FOURTEEN YEARS; NOW WOULD DIVORCE WIFE

Husband Asserts Woman's In-sistence on Contract Constitutes Cruelty.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25.—One of the strangest divorce cases that ever occupied the attention of the local courts was argued before the judges of the Court of the Common Pleas No. 3, yesterday when Mrs. Irene D. Cunningham presented exceptions to the recommendations of a master in her husband, Clement R. H. Cunningham, her husband, a decree of absolute separation on the ground of cruel and barbarous treatment.

Mr. Cunningham is president of a steel company and is reputed to be wealthy. About eighteen years ago when he was about to marry the respondent the couple took a solemn vow to lead lives of purity.

It was developed that in the fourteen years they lived together the Cunningham had not violated the pact which had been entered into when they knelt in the parlor of Mrs. Cunningham's home just before their marriage.

A sacred desire to consecrate herself to God and so live that others would remain pure caused Mrs. Cunningham to enter into the "purity pact." Speaking today she said:

"Imagine if you can what I was fourteen years ago, the child of strict Unitarian and Quaker parents. Practically knowing nothing of the thoughts and purposes which swamp this world about in its course, I was not entirely ignorant upon the sex problem, but what I did not know came from my studies. The real fundamental principles of life and its reproduction were very vague."

"It was when I had left the seminary that I first realized I loved the man who was to be my husband. I thought continually what I could do to show the Lord that I appreciated this great love and then the great idea came. Even if Mr. Cunningham had not agreed to my plan we still would have been married, but he did consent and for years kept faith."

"I often had terrible struggles with myself, but I kept my oath to God. Nothing on earth could make me violate the pact."

I have consecrated myself and subordinated everything to Christ. I am not a peculiar woman, even though my life may appear to have been a strange one."

LINDNER HAS NO CHANCE AGAINST PICKPOCKETS

Young Belmont's Father-in-Law, Though Deputy-Sheriff, Is "Touched" Again.

Young Raymond Belmont's father-in-law, Alfred Lindner, owner of a cloth-dressing business, was pulled away from the side of his subway train last night by Detectives Murgie and Gaynor. After he had struggled with them until the train went away with his wife, Mr. Lindner was told that his pocket had been picked. The detectives had as prisoner Louis Webster, eighteen years old, of No. 124 West Eleventh street.

They said that they had seen the boy take a pocketbook from Mr. Lindner and throw it away. It had contained three cents. Webster acknowledged the theft when taken to the East Fifty-first street station, but changed his plea to not guilty when arraigned before Magistrate House in Yorkville Court today. He was held in \$250 bail.

Mr. Lindner has been the victim of pickpockets before. Sheriff Harburger appointed him a deputy in a vain effort to protect him from thieves. His daughter, whose stage name is Ethel Loraine, is suing Raymond Belmont for divorce with the approval of the young man's family.

SHOCKS ATLANTIC CITY.

Prosecutor's "Non Vult" Proclamation Bars Many Voters.

(Special to The Evening World.) ATLANTIC CITY, Oct. 29.—Charles Sumner Moore, son-in-law of United States Senator Benjamin Tillman, prosecutor of Atlantic County, in a proclamation to-day declared that under the Corrupt Practices Act persons who plead "non vult" are admitting their guilt and are therefore barred from voting. This will deprive scores from the right of suffrage here, and the prosecutor declares he will religiously enforce the law.

Many of the leading politicians of the city, including Louis Kuhnle and several of his lieutenants, a number of former Councilmen who were involved in the graft proceedings and others upon whom the famed Elmer Grand Jury passed judgment, will thus be barred. Postmaster Harvey Thomas, who entered a plea of not guilty to charge of criminal libel brought by Mayor Harry Harbach, is another who would be barred.

KAISER RECEIVES GERARD; THEY TALK OF SPORTS

Scarcely Any Mention of Politics When American Ambassador Presents Credentials.

BERLIN, Oct. 25.—The new United States Ambassador to Germany, James W. Gerard, was received in audience by Emperor William to-day and presented his own credentials and the few letters of his predecessor, Dean A. C. Lathrop. Mr. Gerard introduced the members of the Embassy staff and the military and naval attaches.

The conversation between the Emperor and the American diplomat was quite informal, dealing principally with golf, riding and other sporting topics. Scarcely any mention was made of politics.

Ex-Lax For Constipation

This Wonderful Chocolate Laxative Relieves Bilioussness and All Bowel Troubles

Here's good news for sick folks—Ex-Lax is a never-failing remedy and a positive delight to take. You feel like a new person when you take Ex-Lax. That's what Ex-Lax seems like, in looks and taste. No more gulping down pills—no more nasty tea-swallows—no more nasty tea-swallows—no more nasty tea-swallows. Ex-Lax is the best physic the medical world has ever known. Price 10c, 25c and 50c at all druggists.

MAIL STRIKERS AWED BY POLICE GUARDS ON AUTOS

Strikebreakers Drive Trucks and All Deliveries Are Made on Time.

Except for police guards on the seats beside the drivers of automobile mail trucks of the Postal Transfer Company today and police picket lines about the General Post-Office and the principal branch offices, there was little evidence today that the strike of the drivers was still going on. Postmaster Morgan and Vice-President Cassidy of the transfer company said that all mails were moving promptly. Mr. Cassidy said that no more applications for employment as chauffeurs would be received.

From the company's garage in Twenty-fifth street near Tenth avenue a touring car filled with members of the Robt. Emmett Association, an athletic organization of the west side, was sent on repeated tours along the routes used by the mail trucks. They were spoken of at the garage as "the persuading committee," who had been active through the night in discouraging strike sympathizers who showed a disposition to interfere with mail trucks.

W. J. Simpson, chairman of the executive committee of Local No. 107 of the Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen and Helpers' Union, declared to-day that a general teamsters' strike would be the result of the refusal of the mail contractors to recognize the union. He said the strikers already had the promise of a sympathetic strike from the chauffeurs of the express and baggage carrying companies.

The fact that the Federal authorities will take aggressive cognizance of any picketing and charge the offenders with interfering or attempting to interfere with the United States mail, a serious offense, is expected to act as a deterrent upon those who might otherwise be inclined to make trouble for the working chauffeurs.

Would-be rioters learned yesterday that their attacks on the mail autos would be much more serious than mere police cases and the spirit of combat received a sudden check when men arrested were taken before United States Commissioners and held for hearing on Federal charges.

CARS TIED UP ON BRIDGE.

Both Roadways Jammed While the Passengers Fumed.

One of the happenings that make street car travel in New York a thing of excitement and variety tied up Brooklyn-bound traffic on the Williamsburg Bridge during the morning rush hour today. A street car jumped the track on the loop in the Williamsburg Plaza.

Before the street railway employees could clear the track and send succeeding cars around other loops there was a line of packed cars on the south roadway clear across the bridge. At the same time an immense crowd gathered at the Williamsburg end of the bridge, unable to get across on the trolleys that run to the west side of Manhattan.

When the jam had been partially relieved a Fourteenth street car, bound west, jumped the track at Delancey and Clinton streets, Manhattan. In a few minutes the street was again clear across the bridge on the north roadway.

It was a fine morning for people living in Manhattan and working in Williamsburg, but they had no advantage over people living in Williamsburg and working in Manhattan.